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A

TRIBUTE TO JAMES
WHITCOMB RILEY

AND

Other Poems

BY

THOMAS HOWARD HUDSON, M. D.



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DEDICATION.

To all who
In fancy, would pursue
The peoples' Poet Laureate
Beyond the Pearly Gate,
May see him meet
Upon the Golden street,
The friends of Auld Lang Syne.

Already, you have guessed
The first—
His mother—and the best,
God ever gave,
Or mortal man could have.

The next her love almost divine
On Earth—"That old sweetheart of mine."
Then "Old Aunt Mary"—friend of youth,
His friend "Doc Scifers"—soul of truth,
The raggedy man,
Little Orphant Ann—
Ye, dear little waif
Safe.

Ten thousand more who loved him here,
Rejoice to meet him there.

To all in native land
Who understand
The song he sings
Of common things
How common ground
Is changed to golden sand
Where fairest flowers upspring
Beneath his magic wand.

To all an earth
Who meditate
Upon his worth
And celebrate
The day that gave him birth
Whose fancies still pursue
 Him through
The golden streets
Well met by all he meets.

 To all friends here
 And everywhere,
Who still his memory revere,
This tribute slight, but true
 We dedicate
 To you.

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A TRIBUTE TO JAMES WHITCOMB RILEY.

Of one for whom friends mourned as dead,
Our friend, our poet Riley said:
I cannot say, and I will not say,
That he is dead; he is just away.
With a cheery smile, and a wave of the hand,
He has wandered into an unknown land,
And left us dreaming how very fair
It needs must be, since he lingers there.

So now, say we, his friends of him,
Our modest poet Hoosier Jim.
He is not dead, nor far away;
He's only past the brim,
 The narrow rim
 Of night
 Into the light
 Of day.
He so enjoyed the fair, the bright,
The beautiful; so loved sunlight;
That as 'twas often cloudy here,
 This friend of yours and mine,
 Just simply moved up there
 Into the bright sunshine.

'Twas dark enough for us the night
He left, but, bless his heart, starlight,
Was light enough to guide him straight
Through Heaven's blue, to Heaven's gate.

The gate was locked;
But from inside,
When Riley knocked,
A sentry cried:
"Who's here?"

(When Jim's old Hoosier land was new,
With bands of "Injuns" roving through
It, settlers, if disturbed at night,
Bolted the door, put out the light,
And quick as scat, aye, quick as winks!
Thrust rifle muzzles through a chink
Before a thoughtless man could think,
And shouted loud: 'Speak up, who's here?'
If foe the foe had best beware
If friend, the answer was "Hoosier!"
So this is how that word became
The Hoosier's password, and his name.)

Jim thought he caught the dear old word—
The old password, and thanked the Lord;
So when the sentry asked who's here, Jim promptly
answered:

"I, Hoosier!"
Then said the guard:
"You have the word,
But what's your name?"
"It's just the same,"
Drawled Jim, "Up here
It was down there."

The sentinel somewhat perplexed,
Somewhat surprised, and slightly vexed,
Said: "See here now,
I want to know
Just what and how
You did below?"
Jim, thus adjured,
The guard assured,
That he sometimes
Wrote Hoosier rhymes.

"Are you the man," the guard inquired,
"The Hoosier man who was inspired,
To bid the angels come and board
With him, and said he could afford
To have them hang around all fall,
And make no charge for grub at all?
Just keep them for their company,
And feed them fine and feed them free?
And did you hint of pumpkin pies,
And turkey browned and basted nice,
The time you wrote of turkey cocks,
And pumpkins and the fodder shocks?
Are you the chap who used to say:
It's got to be, and gwine to be,
So 'taint no use to throw a fit,
Just better make the best of it?
And, did, you on one rainy day,
When skies were sullen, dull and gray,
Look past the clouds and snile and say:
It's cloudy now; yes, to be sure,
But morning skies will be the bluer.
Suppose the thunder clouds do lower,
'Twill only be a summer shower,

Twelve

And then besides, these summer showers
Make greener grass and brighter flowers.
Suppose it rains and rains all day,
I guess it won't but, then, it may,
But 'spose it does—well, let it rain!
Tomorrow's sun will shine again."

Then Riley modestly confessed,
That, well, perhaps, he rather guessed
He was the chap. He meant no harm—
Was raised, he said, upon the farm,
And country things was all he knew
About; and so, therefore, his view
Was limited to common things,
And common folks, and, so I ging
He says: "I guess I'll step aside."
Just then the pearly gates swung wide,
The guarding sentry stepped outside.
And said: "In records kept up here,
Your record shows up fairly clear;
Hazy and dim, at times in spots,
But legible in spite of blots,
Done things you might have left undone,
Neglected some you might have done,
But all the time you've kept in view
The other fellow; so to you
We've this to say, and glad to say;
You've brightened childhood's holiday
With 'Childhood Rhymes,' your facile pen
Has brought delight to grown up men;
You claim no creed; and to be sure
No human creed can long endure;
And, anyway, no mortal creed
Can ever meet immortal need.

You are not faultless, Hoosier Jim,
But you can rest your case with Him
Who said: 'A cup of water given
Shall find a recompence in Heaven.
Not perfect. No, none are. But then,
What you have done, what you have been,
And what you've meant to other men,
Are things that count and things that win.
Come on!" And Hoosier Jim walked in.

OUR BOYS.

Our boys have gone over,
Friend, brother, fond lover,
Young husband, and father, whose faith never
 falters
Trusting God and the right
They're gone into the fight
To defend and protect their homes and their altars.

The lesson Old Glory
Has taught is the story
Of peace to be won through war's wild commotion,
Not the menace to life
Not the tears of a wife,
Can quench the hot flame of a patriot's devotion.

Uncle Sam my seem slow,
Just *seem* so you know,
But wait 'till he gets his brave boys into battle,
The Germans will muster
And bully and bluster,
Then stampede like herds of wild Texas cattle.

Uncle Sam jolly well
Knows what he should tell
And what it is safest to keep under cover.
Let us never deceive him,
Forever believe him,
Nor harken at all to the voice of another.

Our boys have gone over,
They are not in clover,
But they're willing to tackle their share of hard tack
They knew they were sent for,
They know what they went for,
And they'll get it, you bet you, before they come
— back.

SUE.

Far too lovely to last
Were the days of the past,
When the gallant school boy found pleasure,
In writing in rhyme,
In tune and in time, -
A song to his heart's dearest treasure.

My girl's name was Sue,
And her eyes were as blue—
Deep blue as the depths of the ocean.
Her hair was spun gold,
And she loved me and told
Me, and gave me her heart's devotion.

How I loved that fair child,
God but knows—I was wild;
My love beyond human expression;
Her radiant smile,
Would bewitch and beguile
A saint on his knees at confession.

They told me my passion
Would cool and its fashion
Would change, and my girl cease to love me;
But her eyes are as blue,
To me still and as true
As the stars to the blue above me.

DICK LOVINGOOD.

A feller in our naborhood
Name of Dick Lovingood,
Had come there with his pa,
And later on his ma
Come; she bein' delicate
Had stayed behind to wait
Till Dick an' the ole man
Had got things spic an' span.

An' they done it, too,
You bet you;
Rented Bill Sherwood's ole shack,
An ole tumbled down rack
Uv a place, an' made it shine
Inside and out; it looked fine,
New boards on roof, white washed outside,
Rat holes all stopped inside,
Walls scrubbed and patched,
Doors fixed so they latched,
Yard gate hung so she'd swing
And just above everything;
Done to make the place look like home
To mother when she'd come.
An' mind you, Dick had done it all,
His pa had got a job till fall
(An' this was spring), at Lye Morr's mill,
That kept him humpin all the time till
Way in the night, sometimes midnight,
An' startin' in afore daylight.
So Dick had the bag to hold at
The house, an' held it, too, at that.
Planted just every kind of flower

Eighteen

Till people called it the bower.
Bill Sherwood drivin' by one day,
Called Dick and said, "Young feller, say,
You'll not have much rent to pay
This year, anyway."

Purty soon Dick's mother come home,
An' then we all knowd how Dick come
By all his nolege and good sense.
The parson said, "Whenever men's
Mothers are like her,
You needn't fear,
They'll make men of boys every time,
In every land and every clime.
If you boys want a good example
You'll find Dick a tip top sample."

A thousand times I've thanked the Lord
For sendin' us Dick Lovingood.
How could he help bein' what he
Wus, with such a mother as she
Wus. She didn't seem above us neither,
An' neither did Dick, either.

At first we was sorter shy
An' give the place the go-by,
But Lordy—inside a week
We'd go out uv our way to speak
To her. Bet you we'd go a mile
To here her voice and see her smile.

Winter an' summer, spring an' fall,
Twice a week at least, the year all
Round, boys and girls (an' ole folks, too.
Sometimes) met at their house to do
Some stunt or other, recitin,
Ur props readin' our own writin',
Essays, they called them. I never
Could make much headway, an' ever
Time I'd beg to be excused
I never out and out refused
Because that was aganst the rool
Of our school.

Always, whenever I could,
I'd git some boy, if he would,
To read my essay fer me.
The drated thing would scare me
So. But they said they couldn't spell
Ner pernounce my words, ner tell
What I ment. I'd a quit purty quick
Ef it hadnt been fer Dick.
He stood by me threw thick an' thin,
An' said "Stick to it an' you'll win."
Course I didn't try fer stronomy,
Ner hanker fer triggeronomy.
Mrs. Lovingood could teach em,
Shore; but I couldn't reach em.
Some of the boys did, an' clum
High up the ladder, an' some,
They say, plays billiards with the stars
And not one got behind the bars.

Twenty

As fer me I didn't espire
To fly any hier,
Er strike a faster gate
Then I could keep up at,
But then I couldn't even writ this
Durnd easy as it is,
Ef it hadn't been fer the pick
Of all creation, I mean Dick,
And his dear beloved mother;
Think of one, you think of tother.

Well to make a long story short,
I'm writn' this becos I ort
To show respects to my best friends
An' also show how much depends
On how we play the game down heer,
Played well, we'll win the stakes up thar.

Dick Lovingood was about fifteen
When he came thar, maybe sixteen,
An' when he left thar just three years
After, the whole atmasfear
Uv the place wus better breathin,
We was all upset at his leavin,
An' right away helt a meetin,
An' first off sent a greetin
To the foot-ball team uv the colege
Where he'd gone to git his noledge.
He gained it, too, an' more than that
Medals, prizes, at least a hat
Full and jist about the whole lot
They had to give he got.
Father an' mother mov'd up thar

Whar Dick wus. His second year
He was lected to the cheer
Of English langidge at a Lump—
In good salry enuff to bump
Up agin a big copper mine,
At least got big an' turned out fine,
But he stuck to school work all the same
An' he come out with honor and fame,
An' enough earthly treasure
To devote his time to pleasure.

But no! if he can
He'll work out a plan
To so change the laws
As to help out the cause
Of best education
Throughout the whole nation.

My story is done
Excep that Dick run
For Congress and won,
An' say, don't you know
It was glory to go
An' vote fer a feller you know is just so,
An put up a fight
Fer a man that's allright.
He envited me down
To Washington town,
An' says I shall have the time of my life,
'Cept when they shivareed me an' my wife;
I'm too full of delight
To write poetry to night
But I'm goin

On throwin
Dull care to the wind,
Leavin all uv my troubles an' sorrows behind,
An' I'll bet you he'll be
Just as glad to see
As I will to see him at the top of the tree.

OUR BOYS AT THE GAME OF PUNCH

The Britons are as brave as they make 'em,
So are Frechmen any way you take 'em.
Put this in your pipe to smoke after lunch,
Our boys beat the world at the game of punch.
 They don't seek for fights,
 They may sleep on their rights,
But they're Devils from Hell when you wake 'em.

The kaiser thinks we are too lazy,
Too fat and too slow and too easy;
He will get a tremendous big hunch
When he finds our boys there in a bunch.
 When he sees our hard push,
 When he feels our strong rush,
 He'll somewhat change his mind
 For he'll certainly find
His infernal old empire knocked crazy.

The world must be won for democracy,
Or lost 'neath the heel of autocracy.
The world can be free if 'twill only be brave,
There's room for the free man, no room for the
 slave.

 It is up to our land
 To reach out the hand,
The strong hand to friends across the dark sea.

WOMAN.

The sweetest and fairest,
The dearest and rarest,
Of all the world's flowers,
Bloomed first in fair Eden,
God's beautiful garden,
And since then in ours.

Although the last planted
Its beauty enchanted
The Lord of creation.
And ever since then
Has possessed for all men
The same fascination.

In lands occidental
This bud oriental,
Is found at its best.
And our own dear Westland
Aye! Aye! and the best land,
In blessing is blest.

Lands wild and chaotic
This lovely exotic
Made to blossom and bloom,
It has hallowed the hearth
And the home and filled earth
With rarest perfume.

Twenty-four

Mankind in all ages,
Conditions and stages;
Savages, sages,
Princes and yeoman
Have sipped the sweet wine
From love's clinging vine,
And have knelt at the shrine
Of beauty divine,
Incarnate in woman.

If here she has lightened
The load, and brightened
The road as we've striven,
How radiantly white
Will she be in the light,
The white light of heaven.

If down 'neath the blight
Of earth stain and night,
Transcendently fair,
What must she be then
When she blossoms again
In the good world up there.

KENTUCKY.

Your pictur' of the open fire
Keepes a-drawin' of me higher
To the blue grass
An' gyardin' sass,
Jowl an' greens,
Wonder beans,
Wortermillion,
An' a billion
Other things—
By jings!—
That plum filled up
The cup
Of joy
An' run mine over when a boy.

Coal to burn?
Well, gol durn!
An' you say
That I may
Pile it higher
On the fire?
That suits me
To a tee!

Any chips wharwith to kindle,
When the blaze begins to dwindle?
An' you say there's sulphur worter?
Don't I recollect—I oughter—
That ole spring down by the river?
Aye! could I forget it ever?
Never, never!

I am tired of this cold city,
An' its fogs an' clouds. I pity
Folks what have to always live here:
Bet your boots I'm goin' to give her
A wide berth! I'm a comin'
Whar I'll hear the bess a-hummin'
An' the speckled pheasant drummin'
Even in the winter season;
Yes, indeed! an' that's the reason
I'm not grievin'
At the leavin'.

Then besides you say I'm wanted,
An' that you'll be disappointed
An' kinder glum ef I don't come
Up to your house; so you say,
You have music night an' day;
Hooray! Music instrumental,
Vocal too an' incidental —
Ly a baby! How old is he?
Bet he keeps the grown-ups busy
Lookin' after him; but maybe
He's a girl—a sweet girl baby.
Bully if he is—fer you know,
I love baby girls the best; I do
Love 'em lots when they're little, though
I love 'em better as they grow,
Plum 'til they're grown; an' then, My! O!
Love 'em Uh m-m Uh! I love 'em so.

Well! I guess I'm purty lucky,
Gittin' back to ole Kentucky;
Winters there are warm an' shorter;

People there can even sorter,
Live out doors. Christmas comin',
Don't prevent the bees from hummin'
Nor interfere with pheasants drummin'.
Evenings there you'll hear the trill,
Uv the tuneful whippoorwill,
An' any time of day the shrill
Whistle of the cheerful quail;
Yes, an' you'll see squirrels playin'
Rainy days, any days, day in
An' day out, an' fish a bitin', day or night;
Game fish, hoopee!
Black bass fightin'! such a fight,
Plucky as a mountain trout;
An' keeps it up it'll plum played out.

Yes, I guess I'm sorter lucky,
Gittin' back to Ole Kentucky.
Where the grasses bluish hue
Blends with skies of deeper blue;
Where thoroughbreds are still as fast,
As in the races of the past;
Where native men are still as fine,
As in the days of auld lang syne;
Where women are as fair as when,
All the men were gentlemen,
My friends—the friends I knew of old,
"True as steel and good as gold,"
Are there; I'm comin' back to them,
Yes, I am! indeed, I am,
I'm comin' to the dear old sod,
Comin' home agin,
Thank God!
Thank God!

THE DENTIST.

Dear Dental Friend, how sweet (sometimes) I
think
To meet with thee, and oh, how hard to part!
How strong the tie, how like to steel the link
That tugs and strains—not at the heart!
Ah! No! 'twere there the links might snap and
break—
The heart remain in situ; but, forsooth,
The heartache's nothing! Nothing to the ache
That severs friendship welded to a tooth.
Toothache prevails in age, heartache in youth.

I've had them both; I've felt the pang—the pang
Of broken ties, and unrequited love,
But I declare, the roar, the rattle and the twang
Of parting tooth and jaw is pain above
The punishment reserved for you below.
I scarce believe that Hell's capacious maw
Holds fiend more merciless than one we know
As dentist—twisting, wringing, tooth or jaw—
Old Nick's hard hand were velvet to that paw.

Scarce twenty years have passed since I the pang
Of parting with a double molar felt;
And now the dentists don't extract a fang,
But crown the tooth they once would have ex-
pelled!
And other things they do unique and strange!
Build bridges, tunnel, drill and excavate
Like miners underground, and so arrange
That teeth like king's, may eat from golden plate,
Regardless how their predecessors ate.

Some twenty years perhaps, or more ago
When silver coinage free was all the go,
An Irish orator said that nayther
A goldbug, nor any dintist ayther
Will see Hiv'n! Sure an' Oi'v a wurrd to shpake
To thim Goldbugs, an' it's thim thot don't care
If a poor divil shtarves, nor phwat he'll take
To kape up his shpirits nor wash down his fare;
Loikwise the dintist! Begorry, he'll make
A jew'lry shop of yer mouth loike enough,
But Oi'll bet you saxteen to one he'll take
More gould from yer purse than he laves in yer
mouth.

I can't keep up with dental lore—too late,
Too early or too tired was born, and so
I practice physic; when by chance or fate
I blunder (as my creed permits) I go
And cover my mistake from sight! But you
My dental friend, can't bury your disgrace;
It will not die, nor down, nor hide from view,
But haunts, pursues, o'ertakes, at time and place,
You'd sooner meet the Devil face to face.

Ah well! In spite of all your faults, I love
You. Love you! Aye, indeed, with all my heart!
I hope that when we (if we) meet above!
You'll have left your forceps. And we shall part
No more; abruptly as we've parted here.
And sometimes I have thought your plan to face
The music here, was best, for when up there
We're called upon, it may be I more grace,
More mercy, and more pity, then may need
That Heav'n can show to me, and my poor creed.

Thirty

When you get through and done down here be-
neath

The sun, and try if Heaven will let you in,
(You who have lived by other people's teeth),
I hope you'll make it, if but by the skin
Of yours; for God is merciful and kind.

And Oh! if you get through, the chance for me
Will be increased a thousand fold, my mind
Will be at rest. for I shall know that I'll be
Saved! Saved for time and all eternity.

“DOC SHOOTEM.”

I was a young doctor of old school persuasion—a new doctor in an old community—a young, new, old school doctor in a Godforsken old dilapidated village in southern Indiana. The village was located in a swamp known as the Muscatitac Valley, where malaria was so thick that a man sleeping under it had to have help to turn over. The denizens of this unhappy valley had ague all the year round. They went into winter quarters yellow as pumpkins, poor as Job’s turkeys, thin as razor backs, and came out in the spring looking like ghosts of their departed fathers.

Shortly after I had hung my shingle to the breeze in this invigorating atmosphere one of the rotund citizens called on me for a prescription. He had had chills for years and no doctor had been able to break them.

He detailed his symptoms, chill in the back preceded and attended by thirst for cold water, which made him shiver and shake; cold places between his shoulders, which felt better when he got it “het up” and all the rest of it, which meant nothing to me. His symptoms were of no consequence. He was a patient with ague, I was a doctor with Quinine, and I thought all that was necessary was to give enough of it. It cost five dollars an ounce, and those poor wretches never had money enough at one time to buy a drachm. The doctors had to furnish it, and I supposed that my coajutors or competitors, as you please,

had been illiberal in its exhibition; so to make amends for their parsimony, or, rather to score a triumph by my own liberality, I gave it without measure or weight, bountifully and repeatedly unstintedly and continually. Gave it until the roaring artillery and the rushing cataract in his head would have made a picnic of Waterloo and a babbling brooklet of Niagara.

I had added a symptom but that was all, for he came back saying: "Doc, I'm deaf'r'n a post, but you haint shuck them chills."

Then I gave him Arsenic—Fowler's solution—until the tumefaction of his eyelids obscured the light of day; and additional symptom but the shakes still "unshuck." Being now both deaf and blind he concluded it was about time to call a halt. So did I. I was as willing to quit as he was. Subsequently some old "granny woman" induced him to drink a cup of strong red pepper tea which knocked his chills, as he said, higher'n Gilderroy's kite, and so far as I know they never came down. I never heard of their return. I did not tarry long in that vicinity, but sought a more salubrious clime. Failure to shake the shakes had shaken my faith in the shake shakers. My sheet anchors Quinine and Arsenic had failed, and I was all at sea not only without an anchor but with neither chart nor compass. I hoped to make a port where a diversity of diseases would suggest a variety of drugs.

My failure to interrupt the periodical paroxysms of ague left such an impression that subsequently I got to ruminating over it and rhyming about it with the result I hereby offer, subject to your own appraisalment.

Doc Shootem, who lived in the hills,
Believed he could cure human ills
Of every degree and kind;
All ills of body or mind,
From brain storm to fever and chills,
With Arsenic, Strychnine,
Opium, Quinine,
And compound cathartic pills.

He was Regular, and he was young,
Had no brains to spare, but his tongue
His own praises could sing, and it sung!
The surplus of brass in his cheek
Far exceeded the gold in his purse.

The best we can say when we speak
Of him is that he *might* have been worse.
The swamp, half a mile from his door,
Was teeming with sickness galore—
 Especially chills,
 Aesculapius fils—
Said, "I'd like to see one I can't cure."

Jack Hardman lived down in the bottom,
A good place to get chills, and gotem.
He said: "The folks down thar had had 'em
Every since God A'mighty made Adam."

Unlike Jack of fabled renown,
Who with Jill climbed the hill and fell down
Head foremost and fractured his crown,
This Jack ascended the hills,
Not seeking for water, but pills
To break up his fever and chills.

When enthused or excited Jack stuttered
Over most of the words that he uttered.
Accosting the medical man
He said: "I will t-t-tell if I c-c-can
How I f-f-feel when f-f-feelin' the w-w-wust.
My back's w-w-whar they t-t-tackles me fust,
An' my haid f-f-feels lak it would b-b-bust.
An' then I gits d-d-dryer'n d-d-dust;
B-b-b-but w-water d-don't hep m-me a b-b-bit,
Hit b-brings on a s-s-s-s-shivern' f-f-fit
An' ruther in-c-c-creases my thust."
You don't need to tell me, my dear sir,
How you feel, quoth Doc, never fear, sir,
I shall make you some pills
That will break up your chills
And cure you as sure as you're here, sir.

So he rolled his quinine dough
Into pills, and I don't know
How much each pill contained; but oh!
They were big and they were bitter;
Grains and grains in every pill!!
Four big pills in every litter!
Litter five times every day!
Ought to cure him! You would say:
I should think so, "cure or kill."

A week passed away
And the patient returned.
Says he: "Doc, I'll be durned
If I ain't c-chilled every day.
I'm d-d-deef'n a p-p-post,
Throat's d-d-dry'r'n t-t-toast,

C-c-cold watter w-w-won't w-weter,
An' I h-haint no better.
L-l-look here, you damned cuss,
If I l-lose m-my h-hearin'
Thar'll be somethin' doin'
Round here'll spell r-ruin;
Thar'll be somethin' w-wuss
An' hotter fer you
That all of the s-swearin'
I'm able t-t-to d-do,
An' yit I c-can m-make
The atmosf-fear b-blue
As the I-injun O-o-ocean
Whenever I take
Nuff d-drinks and t-the n-notion.
I'm s-sober now. Well's I s-say,
You s-see me d-d-drunk an' hell's t-t-to p-pay."

Appreciating this appeal
So strongly put by doughty Jack,
Thus reasoned Doc: "I'll break that chill,
Or, by the gods, I'll break his neck.
I'll fix him so they won't come back.
The idiot thinks that I'm a quack."
Profoundly Doc soloquized:
"I guess his liver's hepatized,
His system must be tranquilized,
His circulation equalized,
Some Calomel to stir his liver,
Some Opium to cool the fever,
Some Strychnine then to tide him over;
Then Fowler's arsenic, that'll suit him
And fetch him round as well as ever,
Sure as shot, and my name Shootem."

So unto the liver mover added he the anodyne.
Then to this the tide him over. These thought he
are right in line.
The mass then into pills he mixed, and said, aside,
I'll have him fixt.

"Now," said Doc, "my friend and brother
Take these pills, then here's another
Remedy; if this don't bust 'em
You're about the toughest custom
Er I've struck yet.
So don't forget,
Take this bottle full, and when
It's empty call again;
But you will be all right by then."
"B-b-but D-d-doc"—
"You'll be all right; go long, go long."
"A-all r-right then, D-d-doc, so long, so long."
A layman if wise, needs none to advise
Great caution with Fowler's solution,
By no means a rare substitution,
For Quinine in chills;
It oft tumefies the lids of the eyes,
And full often kills.
Those who dynamize
And thus minimize
A danger, are wise,
For death in disguise,
Is safest in high dilution.
Soon the deaf man's eyes got puffy,
Puffed until they closed together,
Closed until they had to lead him,
Lead or stake him to a tether.
Got so blind they had to feed him,

Some one then proposed to bleed him;
Then the deaf and blind got huffy.
Hell! said he, I've b-b-been a b-b-bleedin';
Deef, s-s-so d-d-deef c-c-can't hear it thunder;
That cussed q-q-quack has made a b-blunder.
B-b-blind; can't s-s-s-stir th-th-thout some one
l-leadin'.

I s-s-swear he'd b-b-better s-stan' from under.
Hain't no, no c-c-asion fer your f-f-frettin',
I agree th-thars b-b-blood wants lettin',
An' it's s-s-safe t-to d-do your bettin'
On the chance t-that I s-s-s-shall let 'er
Flow, as soon as I gits better.

Of doctors who doped and bled
Their patient to death,
A cynical Irishman said:
Sure as long as there's breath
In a body they're bleedin' 'im,
Whin, begorra, they'd better be feedin' 'im.
Thin whin anny poor divil goes lame
They load all the guns they have got,
Sit up a name for a shpot,
Blaze away at the name,
But missing thot same,
They bag bigger game,
For they fill the poor divil with shot.

The Irishman's metre is doleful and long,
For he sings a rather lugubrious song;
But it surely is true
That one of the two
Great systems of healing is wrong.

Thirty-eight

Two schools of medicine prevail,
The one with labor and travail
Brings forth a name;
The other seeks to find the causes
Of illness, then through Nature's laws
Removes the same,
Believing that the symptoms proved
Will guide to what should be removed.

To shorten a tale
Already too long,
We give you the sequel,
And so end the song.

Old Grandmother Lee
Made some red pepper tea,
And gave Jack a drink.
And what do you think?
Strange story to tell,
At once he got well.

A fakir I thought old Grandma Lee,
A humbug her cup of pepper tea,
The cure I thought a coincidence,
Ascribed it to chance or Providence,
For I could not conceive
And I would not believe
That fakirs and pepper could get grip
On patients that doctors and drugs let slip.
Consider what follows and you will see
How chills may be cured by red pepper tea.

The Capsicum chill
Begins with a thrill
High up in the back,
Attended by thirst,
And also a knack
Of being made worse
By every cold drink.
Now what do you think?
And what do you say?
Was Doc much to blame?
If taught the same way;
Perhaps you and I
Would have done much the same.

Could Doc have known that Quinine chills
Have thirst before appearing,
Are thirstless while the chill is on,
And thirstless 'till the fever's gone,
He might have saved his Quinine pills
And spared Jack Hardman's hearing.
Had Doc have known the bloating, the
Peculiar thirst and fever,
The weakness and the other things
Which Arsenic ague always brings,
Jack's eyelids had not swelled, and he
Had seen as well as ever.

But what is the use
Of heaping abuse
Upon Doc. Let's excuse
Him and show him fair play.
Regular and young,
With less brains than tongue,

And more cheek than either,
And then having neither
Experience nor law
To guide him, he saw
But the blackness of night
Compared with the light
Of to-day.

But what shall we say
Of the Regulars now;
The old and the wise,
Who will not use their eyes
Nor their ears? Then how
Shall we show them the way?
Could they see if they would?
Would they hear if they could?
Will it pay if we try
To show them? I say,
If we try will it pay?
You don't know, you reply,
And neither do I.

But the least we can do is to try.
Aye! Aye!
And the *best* we can do is to try;
And living or dying
Keep on trying.

SANT BROOKS.

I knowed a feller once who had
An awful appitite. I vow
He could eat more than any lad
Or man, I ever saw. An' some
Said, "More than any beast,
Except, perhaps, the elephant.
Leavin' out hay and water least-
Ways," they said they'd bet on Sant.

Sant Brooks was the feller's full name;
As boys we used to hunt for coon,
Uv nights, and day time other game;
It might be cloudy, rainy, moon-
Light, starlight, or dark as pitch,
And freezin' cold, he'd git his horn.
And dogs, an' start—an' no odds, which
Course, he'd ketch coons shore as you're born.

I knowed him once clean up four coons
At lunch, half grown they was, an' fat.
He'd et no breakfast, slept till noon;
Out all night before; but then, at that
I thought it was an awful mess,
For just one half-grown boy to eat;
An' I said so to him—I says,
Some day you'll founder on coon meat.

But, no, sir! Sant never foundered.
On the contrary he floundered
Along until he was grown;

Forty-two

Had a wife and child, of his own,
An' more dogs than anyone else,
Anywhere in the county, I guess.
Queer how he fed the pack, and him-
Self. Well. Sant was awfully slim.

On a little run-down farm
They lived: wife, child and dogs; no harm
In Sant, an' fun as known, no good.
He'd hunt and trap, but work he would
Not. No! his cabin roof might rot,
And did, but, bless you he would not
Mend it. "The barn roof's made of tar,"
He said, "an' we'll jist move down thar."

Once he owned a first rate milk cow,
His wife had raised by hand and now
What does that idgit do but swap
Cow for a saddle. Horse, donkey, lop-
Eared mule, nothing on earth to ride,
Not even the cow. Argified
The saddle didn't eat, beside
The cow might uv laid down an' died.

One stormy windy night in March,
Sant struck out with an ax, a torch
And six picked dogs to tree a coon,
Away they went and purty soon
They treed him up a big tall oak.
Sant walked round the tree and spoke
Sharp to his favorite dog and said,
I'd like to bust your blasted head,
Fer treein up that great big tree.
Much sympathy you have for me.

His tiresome task at last quite done,
He ran aside to see the fun.
"But best laid plans of mice and men,
Gang aft agla," and so did then;
The howling wind upset Sant's plan,
Confused him also as he ran,
The mighty tree broke cross the kerf
And pinned poor Sant tight to the earth.

A shattered knee, a broken thigh,
He thought his time had come to die;
The morning found him in despair,
A farmer also found him there,
And seizing Sant's resounding horn,
Awoke the echoes of the morn.
The neighbors heard, help soon arrived
And Sant was rescued and revived;
As soon as he could get his breath
He murmured, "Well, this feels like death";
"Did they catch that infernal coon?"
"Hurry up boys, I may dies soon,
But, live or die, I want to eat
My stummick full of fat coon meat."

THE MAN FROM NANTUCKET.

“There was once a man from Nantucket,
Who kept all his cash in a bucket;
But his daughter named Nan,
Ran away with a man;
And as for the bucket, Nantuck it.”

“Pa followed the pair to Pawtucket,
The man and the girl with the bucket
And he said to the man he was welcome to Nan,
But as for the bucket, pa tucket.”

“The pair followed pa to Manhasset,
Where he kept all his cash at an assit,
Then Nan and the man stole the bucket and ran,
And as for the bucket man has it.”

“When pa got back to Nantucket,
He had neither daughter nor ducat;
And as for the man, he went back on Nan
As soon as he'd emptied the bucket.

Then Nan turned her hack on the bucket,
And on the bad man who had tuck it,
And said the next man who ran off with Nan
Might furnish and fill his own bucket.

But thinking she'd best bring the bucket,
She brought it to pa, and pa tuck it.
But looking within,
And finding no tin,
He licked Nan, and then kicked the bucket.

CAMPING OUT.

I know'd a boy, could talk more, an'
Write more about eatin' than
Anybody else and eat less.
He could write things I confess
Would make me awful hungry, so
Hungry that altho'
I'd eat only an hour ago
I'd sneak off and fill up agin.
I eat so much it made me thin
To carry it around sometimes.
When I'd read his rhymes
I'd dream of eatin'
An' be a beatin'
My way to the kitchen
En pantry an' hitchin
Up a chair,
To reach things up there.
This feller sometimes
Jist talked in rhyme.
I remember one night
He got to writ-
In bout nuts an' fruit,
An' I saved his scraps uv paper
An' got 'em right here.
Dates, he said, were good an' oranges
When lowed to ripen on the trees,
 But pull 'em green,
 As I've seen,
An bring em more'n a thousand mile
An' I don't think they're much worth while.
There's other things that grow right here
An' ripen after frost.

Forty-six

They may`nt suit you, but I don't care.
Jist count the cost
An' you'll agree
With me.
They beat imported nuts from anywhere
Jist try it this a-way:
Git out some fine October day,
Wear ole clothes an' strong shoes that crunch
Through anything; don't take no lunch.
Strike for the hickory woods,
Don't think of work, just call it play;
Take a bushel bsaket, or good's
Anything a big meal bag,
To carry home your swag.
If thar's plenty of nuts on the ground,
All right; if not you'll have to throw
Clubs, rocks, anything that can be found
Throwable anywhere around,
Or else you'll have to go
An' clime the tree an shake 'em down.
Then find some sunny south hillside.
A sort of comfy place to hide.
Not that you care fer passerbys,
Nor care so much for pryin' eyes
As that you feel just in the mood
For somehow seeking solitude.
Now build a fire of any dead wood
And build it on the win'ard side.
You're warm enough and feelin' good
'Cept something to be gratified
Long about midways inside
But crackin' nuts and sittin' still,
While you, your empty stomicks fill,
You find October kinder chill
Before your hunger's satisfied.

Some can talk eatin by the mile
An' yet eat nothin' much worth while.
An' I've know'd 'em write
Seem'd like for spite
Jist to whet yore appetite.
Jim Riley knew
A thing or two
Uv things to eat
That's hard to beat.

Fer example,
As a sample
Uv sweet meats
His receipts
Fer homade
Marrmelade,
An' pumpkin pies
With allspice
An' cinimon
In 'em.

This, too, is true,
He saw what you
An' I
Pass by
Every day
By the way-
Side as we go
To and fro
An' pay no
Attention to.

Forty-eight

He
Could see
Poetry
In common things
Like bubblin' springs
An' country roads,
Honey bees
An' hop toads,
Bloomin' trees,
A harvest moon
Er a Sunday noon
Knee deep in June.

And these would call to mind the shade
By oak an' breach an' maples made
Whar chums an' he together played
Long years before—forty, maybe,
Maybe more.

An' if you please,
Bout things like these
Jim's super-sense
Was just immense.
An' all in all
I think him tall-
Er than the rest,
An' better than the very best.

DICK RIGGS.

Ole Dick Riggs was as long an' lean
As they amke 'em—more like a bean-
Pole than anything else.

He owned an ole gray hoss named Nelse,
An' forty acres of poor san-

Dy lan,'

So poor it wouldn't sprout

Black-eyed peas without

Fertilizin'. But no use

Figgerin' on any produce

Without it. So every spring

Dick would hitch Nelse to the ole thing

He called a waggin an' haul dirt

From the creek bank an' spread it on

A little patch uv his corn

Lan', as he called it, an' it cert-

Enly wus pore corn lan' at that,

An' not room on it to skin a cat.

But he'd scratch up the ground

An' plant, an' then go round

An' talk your arm off—never stop

Talkin' bout his corn crop.

One day up at Freemans store

He was blowin' a little more

Than usual. Had tanked up at sum

Other feller's expense

He'd met down at Bill Reppy's rum-

Shop. Yellin' himself hoarse

Bout the wuth uv his hoss,

He cum splittin' the air

Shoutin' an' swear—

Fifty

In', "Ole Nelse wuz the best
Hoss on earth—east or west."
Got down, hitched to the fence
An' cum in, more pop-eyed
Than ever, an' less tung tied.

Right off he begun talkin'
Hoss—how to cuore balkin'
An' pullin' back when they's hitched
An' a whole lot of sich
 Stuff.
Heap mor'n enough.

All at wunst outside thar wuz a fuss,
A awful terrible muss.
Nelse had pulled the fence down
An' wuz a snortin'
An' cavortin'
 Around,
Here an' there,
Everywhere,
Up in the air
Down on the ground,
Lookin' round
At his heavin' side
Where Botes supposedly reside,
 Inside.

Consultants speedily agreed
The thing to do was either bleed
Or drench the beast.
Drenchin' would at least

The cause determinate,
An' probly exterminate
 The bot;
If givin' hot

The keeper of store agreed
To furnish amply all the need
Ev hot ingred-
lents—also a long neck'd bottle
To pour the stuff down Nelse's throttle.

Nearby a forked saplin' grew
The fork high up about the stretch
Of a tall, long armed man's utmost reach.
Dick pulled an' hauled an' drew
The hosses head and mouth up to
The fork, passed bridle reins through
It to his side; looped 'em round his wrist
Give 'em an' extry twist
An' shoved the bottle neck down Nelse's throat.

You never saw a billy goat
Jump forard quicer'n Nelse jumped back,
 Quick es scat,
 Er quicker'n that
Dick's pale blue poppin eyes eyes wus seen
Up in the fork, wedged in
Right where ole Nelse's mouth had been.
Dick cust, and swore,
An' swore some more.
Begged 'em to shoot the Hoss plum thru,
Or he'd be pulled right smack en two.

Fifty-two

The boys pushed up Dick's feet but that
Jist wedged him tighter where he's at.
At last ole Nelse declar'd a truce,
Walked up an' let his master loose.

Dick scrambled down,
Sprawled on the ground,
Rubb'd his wrist,
Shook his fist
An' said:

“By Ned,
That ole fool hoss knowed well enough
That ole Dick Riggs would call his bluff,
Knowed mighty well it wan't no use
To try to make me let him loose.
I guess you boys all see, doggone
That I am hell at holdin' on.”

MY DARLING.

I want you at morn my darling,
At first grey glimpse of dawn,
When pearly tints
Give faintest hints
Of the awakening morn.

I want you at noon time darling,
Morning is gone so soon,
O, let me clasp
With fervent grasp
Your hand in mine at noon.

I want you at evening darling,
When day's receding light,
Reveals the stars—
And sunset bars
Are closed, and locked for night.

I want you at midnight darling
Be sure I want you then
To press your breast
To mine and rest
Till morning dawns again.

At morning and evening darling,
At noon, by night, by day,
My heart is thine
Let thine be mine,
Forever and for aye.

HELEN DARE.

No matter where we rove or roam,
On solid land, or sounding sea,
There is one place where we may be
In Paradise—that palce is home.
For home is where the heart's distress
Finds comfort and contentedness;
Aye! home is where the heart's desire
Is altogether gratified:
Where restless man is satisfied
To rest beside the altar fire
That glows for youthful groom and bride,
For mother, daughter, son and sire;
Where all things best on earth abide;
Where all is well with soul and sense,
And sorrow finds its recompense
In faith, hope, love and happiness.
You never can be happy far
Away, or long from One Bright Star
Come home, be happy "home is where
The heart is;" here with Helen Dare.
O, would the poet's muse impart
To lips the pow'r to voice the heart!

O, would the poet's muse unroll
The scroll unseen within the soul!
Come now, O tuneful Muse inspire
My soul! and touch my lips with fire;
Come string my harp and tune my lyre
That I may daringly aspire
To sing of love as poets dare
Devoted love of Helen Dare.

If this petition be too bold,
If I the passion must repress
My ardent longings all suppress
If I must sing of love the less
I'll tune my harp like bards of old
And sing the more of loveliness
And more of woman's tenderness.

Dear Muse, Sweet Muse, my thanks receive
For inspiration; I perceive
That I may sing, my harp is strung,
The ancient bard again is young.
May not my song of Helen Dare
Be cold or cheerless, bleak or bare;
But like the rustling rip'ning grain
O'er rolling hill and waving plain,
Or like the singing, laughing rill
Through landscape's peaceful, tranquil still.

May no loud thunders shock the ear,
No crashing cymbals smite the air,
No bugle blasts, no trumpets blow;
But rather be the gentle strain,
The music of the falling rain
On cottage roof and window pane,
Soothing the weary heart and brain,
Lulling to sleep all fear and care,
Breathing of rest and peace and prayer.
May heart and soul and lips and tongue
Join in the sweetest song unsung,
The song I dream of Helen Dare.

Her cheek would make the lily fair
Blush red as summer roses are,
Aye, red as blithest rose of June,
For whiter lillies there repose,
And blushes there a blither rose.
The wilding rose runs riot there
From dawn 'till dusk, and dusk 'till dawn,
And on the cheek of Helen Dare
Bestows full oft a fond caress,
Prints many a fond and fervent kiss.

O, what a privilege to be
A rose! What bliss! What ecstasy!
Although the anxious rose is near,
The modest lily feels no fear,
The rose and lily there recline,
The red and white together twine.
And love and purity combine.

Her eyes! Forget me nots would fade,
Turn pale, and seek another shade
Of blue within her deep, dark eyes.
Those eyes! Those eyes! Not Heaven's blue
Is deeper blue; nor Heaven's skies,
More bright or clear, more kind or true.
And yet, at times, those eyes are gray,
And soft as Indian summer days;
But while into their depths you gaze,—
Their depths so deep, and far away,
A golden, glim'ring, shim'ring sheen
Of burnished brown will intervene;
And brilliant scintillating rays
Will sparkle, flash, and beam between

The blue and gray; and dance and play
With both, and stay awhile, and blaze
Like sunset fire. And then a haze—
A dreamy haze; not dark nor bright;
A tawny, misty, dusky light
Falls o'er the gray, and blue, and brown,
Like twilight when the sun goes down,
A gray light like a winter sea,
Yet warm as Heaven's blue can be,
With glint of sunset gold shot through,
Like sunrise shaft through drops of dew,
All blended so and intertwined,
So intermingled and combined,
That all soft shades beneath the sun
Seem murged and melted into one.

Like midnight shadow on the snow, Her raven
waving, jetty hair
O'ershades a calm, unruffled brow, a brow
serene and calm and fair
As dawn of morning, bright and clear.
Her rosebud lips, when in repose,
Her pearly teeth awhile conceal.
'Till wreathed in smiles, those lips disclose
The pearls, just as the budding rose
In bloom, its beauty must reveal.
And when like cupid's slackened bow,
Those flexile lips are curved the while,
In witching, winning, wondrous smile,
The dearest, sweetest smile, I know,
No flashing, quiv'ring, lightning dart
Of cupid's, is more swift to go,
Or straighter, surer to the heart.

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